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THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

IN London and other large commercial cities, I have always found myself remarkably impressed by one peculiar circumstance—the contrast between the bustling streets, full of living faces and *to-day* objects of all kinds, and the quiet and ancient churchyards which are generally found situated in the midst of them. But five yards, perhaps, off a thoroughfare which for centuries has borne the press of breathing men—where the luxuries and conveniences of life are presented in infinite variety, to attract and fix the attention of the passenger, and where men and women seem so much engaged in the affairs of this world as hardly to be conscious that there is any other—you find the silent and cloistered precinct of the old parish church, paved with the memorials of past generations, who once passed as gaily and thoughtlessly along the ways of the city as those you have just seen, but have long retreated to this narrow place, so near, yet so different from, all their former haunts. The transition, in your own case as a visitor, as well as in theirs who pass in this space from life unto death, is the most sudden and rapid that can be imagined—yet how different all the attributes of the two scenes! In the first, how neat, how fresh, how perfectly of *this world*, every thing looks!—in the other, how dismal, and, in general, how neglected! Here you have, at one moment, perhaps the most animated and cheering scene in the world; there, at the next instant, your gaze is turned upon the most torpid and gloomy. At one twinkle of the eye, you find life and all its affairs exchanged for death and all its circumstances, and pass, at a single step, from the lightest to the gravest of reflections.

I am not aware of any place where this contrast is presented in a more striking manner than it is from an eminence which rises above the north-east suburbs of the great mercantile city of Glasgow. After fluttering for hours through the crowded streets, amidst numberless beings to whom death seems the remotest of all ideas, you are led perhaps to this ornamented hill, whence you command a view of the far-spread town, with its spires peering out here and there, to mark the extent of a waste of houses which would otherwise be hardly distinguishable, while close beneath your feet you see the dark and huge cathedral, surrounded by its extensive and extending cemetery—a city of the living and a city of the dead being thus brought into immediate comparison, and weaving out of their separate influences the most impressive of all lessons.* The place of the living is, as you can see and hear, one of the busiest scenes of men's labours. It contains hundreds of thousands of industrious human beings—all toiling on from morn to eve in their various pursuits, some for mere subsistence, others for loftier objects, but all animated by human motives, and, in general, thinking of nothing in the meantime beyond the bounded horizon of mortal life. How many hearts are there bending anxiously over accounts, in which their own welfare, and that of all who are dear to them, is concerned! What numberless modes are there assumed, of gaining that surplus of value called profit, on which so much of the comfort of individuals depends! How keenly are even

in many cases, there aimed at and longed for—what emotions of the soul, what lightnings of the eye, what contentions between man and man, there arise from considerations of money, and of the almost infinite benefits which money can purchase! The whole vast space is covered to its uttermost nook with human creatures, whom the common doom has compelled, for the sake of bread and other sublunary enjoyments, to narrow their souls to the affairs of lucre, while they every moment tend onward to a fate more glorious or more terrific than imagination can picture, and are even now capable of thoughts and sentiments far above this world. And all this, too, is only a detachment of that trifling section of the human race, called the present generation. On or near the same ground have men toiled and moiled as anxiously as these for many centuries; and what is it all, and what will it all come to?—To the little fold which we see directly beneath—a space not large enough to contain the lodgings of a hundred living families, but which has received into its bosom thousands after thousands of the more easily accommodated dead, and will in time absorb multitudes as great, and yet never cry enough.

Yes, as the poet sings—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave." That small spot, of which so few are now thinking as they pace the streets of the busy city, is the real termination of all the journeys they are making. Go they east or west, north or south, be business or be pleasure their immediate object, to this dismal scene must they arrive at last. Not a step do they take which does not bring them nearer to this ultimate point, although it may seem for the time to lead them in a different direction. Every effort which they are making to exalt themselves in this world, only renders them the richer spoil for the daily hecatomb here offered up to death, and in which, sooner or later, they must bear a part. Every improvement which they can make in their circumstances, while they live, gives them but the chance of a more secluded spot in this gathering-place of the departed, or a monument which will longer continue to tell its unmeaning and unregarded tale. In a few short years, they and all their joys and sorrows, their greatness or their lowliness, will have shrunk into this cold and uncomely scene, while their various walks of business and labour are occupied by others, to whose pursuits a similar bourne will in time be assigned.

It is not perhaps to be desired that reflections of this solemn kind should often or permanently fall upon the minds of men; for, if we were to be perpetually brooding over the gloomy view which the end of life presents, we would embitter that life to a degree rendering us quite unfit for the proper management of either our temporal or spiritual concerns. In general, however, human beings, or at least that portion of them called men of the world, are in little danger of suffering from this cause. It is more frequently observed that a constant commerce with the world hardens the heart towards all *beyond* the world—if not also to much in the world, regarding which it is desirable that we should keep our feelings awake. It cannot but be salutary, then, for all who are in danger of falling into this insensibility, to turn their minds occasionally to the affairs of mortality, and, seeing the uselessness of all acquisitions after death, the vanity of all terrestrial glory, and the community of destiny which overhangs the various orders of the human race, open their hearts more freely to the claims of their fellow-creatures around them, and otherwise lay up those stores which will stand in good stead when they and the world have alike passed away.

EXCURSIONS OF THE LONDONERS.

THE Londoners are fond of country excursions. They delight in a holiday, which they devote to expeditions in omnibuses, chays, cabs, and all other kinds of vehicular conveyances; and if inclined to be a little stylish or so, and possessing more half-crowns than they well know what to do with, they indulge in the luxury and parade of that *ne plus ultra* of gentility—a glass coach. Many, however—perhaps the greater number—prefer jaunting by water, for which the Thames offers considerable facilities. A sail down the river to Margate, or up to Richmond, forms an excursion to be sighed after by old and young of nearly all classes of citizens. The more favoured place of resort is undoubtedly Richmond, for which two or three steam-boats depart from London every morning during the summer months, each with its band of music and deck covered with gaily-dressed persons, whose countenances proclaim a determination to be happy. There is great pleasure in witnessing the *ease-her*, the *stop-her*, and occasionally the *back-her*, on the smooth surface of the Thames, to take on board those who come in wherries to join their friends who had started with the steam-boat. The smiling faces and the salutations continue to spread a pleasure that produces one sentiment of hilarity.

There are many Londoners who prefer making this trip in boats of from two to eight oars, each capable of carrying from six to twenty persons; many boats are decorated with awnings, and colours flying at their sterns. When this mode is adopted, a pic-nic dinner is provided, by arrangements previously made; the desert, wine, and spirits, are not forgotten. Sometimes the gentlemen of the party undertake the management of the boat, although men, careful and obliging, may be hired for the purpose. The prospects, on a sunny morning, are exceedingly beautiful, and seem as if nature had put on her holiday dress to welcome her admirers. If the boat proceed from between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, on looking eastward, a fine view of St Paul's appears above the bridge, which Canova, the Italian sculptor, denominated the finest in Europe; beneath its arches may be seen Blackfriars' Bridge, the Temple Gardens, Somerset House, with numerous spires and steeples attached to places of worship in the city of London. Looking westward, the curve of Westminster Bridge is pleasing, as varying from the horizontal line of Waterloo Bridge. The Thames is here 1223 feet wide, and, particularly at high water, presents an appearance of striking grandeur. Proceeding up the river, various associations fill the mind. Countless beings crowd every opening, while along either shore are to be seen busy multitudes, like bees on thyme banks. Houses piled like Pelion upon Ossa, and the public buildings, furnish proofs of the greatness of the capital of England. On the right, the towers of Westminster Abbey; the Hall of Rufus, now the courts of law; the Houses of Lords and Commons, are most prominent. On the left, after passing Westminster Bridge, Lambeth Palace, with the parish church, appear in their ancient grandeur. Looking again on the right, the Penitentiary seems with solemn frown to awe the evil-doers. Immediately in front is Vauxhall Bridge, near which, on the left, are the celebrated gardens, to which every visitor to London resorts in its season to be "pleased with its rattle and tickled with its straw."

Onwards, on either side, are wind and water-mills, gas-works, distilleries, tall chimneys, and other evidences of manufacture not permitted within the precincts of the cities. The bustle, the hum, and smoke, are now behind, and objects may be considered more

* The eminence whence this view is obtained is crowned by a monument to John Knox, the Scottish reformer, and is now in the process of being converted into a cemetery *enrte*, like Pere la Chaise, at Paris, for which purpose it seems admirably fitted. In former times, it was covered with dark Scotch firs, which threw a shade of additional gloom over the cathedral burial-ground beneath, but are now succeeded by the shrubs customarily employed in landscape gardening.

in detail. On the left may be seen "the Red House," a place of resort as a tea-garden, and much frequented by pigeon-shooters, where there is an enclosed space for the sport. This spot is remarkable as the ford at which Cæsar crossed the Thames in pursuit of the Britons. On the right stands Chelsea Hospital, an asylum for sick and superannuated soldiers. Near it is the Botanical Garden, in which grow two large cedars of Lebanon. Here is the terraced Chelsea-reach, the Seylla and Charybdis of the Cockney navigators. It is a wide and exposed part of the river, and, therefore, the roughest when the wind is opposed to the tide; but the inexperienced only are cast away, and it rarely happens that the consequences are more than a ducking, and a conveyance home by land.

Immediately in front is Battersea Bridge. On the right is Chelsea Old Church, containing the remembrances of Sir Thomas More and Sir Hans Sloane. On the left is Battersea Church, containing Roubiliac's monument in honour of Lord Bolingbroke. The shores now become less occupied with marks of commercial enterprise, and an occasional glance into the country may be obtained, where the high state of cultivation, and residences surrounded by their flower gardens, are remarkable. On the left, Wandsworth Church appears, and far round many villas of importance. On the right, the ground is low, but the pasturage is excellent, as proved by the fine cattle which gaze from the banks at the passengers on the river. On passing this reach, a beautiful scene opens on the eye. Putney Bridge appears in the front, its church on the left, and Fulham Church on the right. The shores on either side are enriched by lawns, dotted with shrubs and magnificent trees surrounding many elegant villas, producing an effect that excites the admiration of all beholders. Here it is usual to see the majestic swan, as if to add beauty to the scene: these birds, in pairs, take possession of portions of the Thames; they are familiar, from never being disturbed by the thousands that invade their element; they are protected by law, and encouraged by the Lord Mayor of London as an ornament to the river, and rewards are paid to such as yield security to them during the period of incubation. Putney is remarkable as the birthplace of Gibbon the historian, and Fulham for the residence of, or belonging to, the Bishops of London from the time of the Conquest. Here the infamous Bonnor practised his fanatical cruelties; and here Portius expired, who, by his amiability, might seem to obliterate from the thought his predecessor's iniquities.

At Putney, the towing-path on the bank commences, to assist the deeply-laden west-country barges, some of which are a hundred tons burthen, which, by their numbers and variety, contribute much to the picturesque scenery of the Thames. This towing-path, essential in a commercial view, is offensive to the lover of the beautiful. It prevents the lawn, or flower garden, from approaching the water's edge, and presents a line of road, with rushes and neglected trees, similar to what may be seen on the banks of a canal in Holland; yet, as a variety, perhaps it may be endured; for, on the right, the prospects are most delightful, and fraught with a thousand charms. Here is the tasteful structure of rustic elegance erected by the Margravine of Anspach, and several villas with diversified grounds, plantations and shrubberies, their blooms clustering on the water's edge. In this reach, the suspension bridge, connecting Hammersmith with Barnes, appears an object of great interest; it is also a costly work of art, completed within the given estimate. The village of Hammersmith skirts the Thames for a considerable distance; the houses generally face the river, and being enriched by shrubs and trees of various kinds, display the union of taste and comfort. The terrace is worthy of notice as having been the residence of Latherbourg the artist, and Murphy the author. A little farther on the right, is the justly admired printing establishment of Whittingham. Chiswick Church next presents a very picturesque effect, from its being surrounded by clusters of antiquated brick dwellings and trees; but it is most remarkable as the burial-place of Hogarth, the moralist with his pencil. The stately grounds of Devonshire House next become prominent, by the lofty and variegated foliage which decorates its tasteful gardens. In this mansion, Charles James Fox and George Canning, the statesmen, breathed their last. After passing Chiswick, the shores on both sides seem shorn of every attraction—low marshy grounds on the right, and the dull towing-path on the left, may be considered as a repose, so pleasing in a work of art, where all should not be brilliant; perhaps, on some minds, a corresponding effect may be produced by this undecorated scene on the Thames. This dullness exists, in a great measure, from the flatness of the adjoining parts of Middlesex and Surrey, so that not a peep into the distance can be obtained: the terrace at Barnes gives a little relief to the monotony. The Thames winds considerably between just below Chiswick and Kew, forming the letter S. In the vicinity of Barnes, the bullrush and flag prevail on the right, and the towing-path on the left; and nothing worthy of notice is presented, save the exertions of the rowers to pass each other; and frequently it may be observed, that skill and trifling labour will surpass the utmost toil of powerful persons who are deficient in the just management of their oars.

After having passed Barnes, the left side begins

to display the appearance of comfort and wealth, in villas, cottages, malt-houses, and other buildings for business, having the towing-path in front of them. On reaching Mortlake, the scenery improves, and many touches of picturesque character are visible. In this village there remains a house, once inhabited by Oliver Cromwell. On passing the turn of the river, near Strand-on-the-green, Kew Bridge appears, and interesting objects again crowd the banks. Here the splendid barges are laid up when not required by the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen of London for their excursions up the Thames. In Kew Church, Gainsborough the painter lies buried. Beyond the village are the Botanical Gardens, containing the finest collection of plants in the kingdom. A little farther on is Old Kew Palace, where Thomson the poet once had permission to reside. On the right, the town of Brentford spreads a long line of intermingled dwellings, trees, wharfs, timber-yards, and the *eleotera* of mercantile pursuits. On the opposite, or Surrey side, are the extensive gardens of Kew, with their richly variegated plantations and its lofty pagoda, an ornamental building of many stories, in the Chinese taste. On the right is Sion House, the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. In these grounds are the first mulberry trees that were planted in England, and a conservatory, erected at the cost of £40,000, said to be the most splendid in the world. The gardens and park belonging to Sion House are very extensive, and finely diversified with trees of great luxuriance and stately growth, stretching along the banks of the Thames to Isleworth. This is a straggling village, the greater part of which is seen over a long island covered with osiers, reeds, and rushes; after passing which, the right bank appears decorated with villas and mansions of a superior order, being the residences of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune. About this point it is that the beautiful scenery of Richmond first strikes the eye. The level country through which the Thames has wound for miles, renders this burst of landscape splendour particularly striking. The bridge is an elegant structure of five stone arches, with a balustrade at top. From a point near the centre of the river, this view is most delightful. A small portion of the bridge is partly obscured by some trees that grow on an island on the right. On the left, some magnificent trees form a powerful mass, and are placed as if purposely to enrich the view of the town or village of Richmond, which is seen partially and in perspective, the residences rising in parterres one above the other, intermingled with trees, to the summit of the hill, on which appear ornamental portions of villas, and rich foliage of trees in various colours and characters, till they mix with the oaks that decorate the park. From this height the eye roves with delight over numerous villas, situated on the declivity down to the river's edge, as seen beneath the arches of the bridge, thence to the gay and bustling throngs before it, more particularly if it be that period when the tide has brought to the spot the variously decorated boats and barges. The white clouds glistening in the air, the dimpled water sparkling in the glorious sun, the well-dressed females, the music, the white awnings and coloured flags, altogether unite in presenting to the eye a scene of indescribable beauty. Here those who come provided make fast their boats to the bank, spread their table-cloths beneath their awnings, or on the grassy lawn, and take their welcome meal; to some these are moments of enthusiasm. The repast is most delicious, the wine possesses more than usual flavour, smiles sit on every face, while joy seizes on every heart—all is rapture. His heart must be made of impenetrable stuff, indeed, that does not feel it expand with gratitude while enjoying such a scene as this.

Richmond is about eighteen miles, by water, from London Bridge. The tide runs, on an average, about five hours up and seven down, at the rate of nearly three and a half miles per hour. It is therefore necessary some exertion should be made by the rowers, even if they start at the flow, to enable them to arrive with the tide at this delightful spot.

From their repast in their boats, some of the company repair to the hill, to view the distant scenery, take their tea, and return to London with the tide.

Others, on their arrival at Richmond Bridge, go immediately to the hill, where there is a splendid tavern—the Star and Garter—at which every attention is paid, and all that can be desired may be obtained at charges moderate as at ordinary taverns. Such parties enjoy the prospect from the gardens, the windows, or the terrace, which is kept in excellent state during the season. After their refreshment, the return to London may be regulated by stage-coach, or conveyances with which Richmond is well provided. The view from Richmond Hill has been noticed by many writers as enchanting. Foreigners are enthusiastic in their admiration. The Londoners, with some exceptions, consider it to possess surpassing beauty. If the scene be examined, by comparison with others of similar character, perhaps it may be preferred; but it has no portion of the picturesque, nor of the grand, to render it imposing: all is simple and chaste—in the language of artists, such as Claude would have felt pleasure in delineating. Considered attentively, the view from Richmond Hill must depend on some associations in the mind of the spectator, which assist in communicating the pleasure which seems to be felt so universally. Scenery viewed from an eminence is deprived of all the charm which power-

ful contrast of foreground might contribute, and we inspect but the middle plan and distance of the picture. Thus it is in this scene.

The grounds, however cultivated, the villas, however elegant, situated on the declivity, far as the meadows of Petersham, are as nothing to the prospect. If the eye be directed to the winding of the Thames, and the park-like scenery of the grounds beyond, the effect is at once delightful; the spectator feels it would be gratifying to indulge in a walk on such a spacious lawn—to repose and read beneath those luxuriant trees—to return and gaze on the transparent water, with its beautifully reflected objects—and readily acknowledge in this the features of lovely nature. If the eye be directed beyond the second plan of this picture, surprise is excited by the range over range of masses of foliage, marked by their atmospheric degrees of remoteness into thin air. A few gently rising grounds appear; even the flag on the tower of Windsor Castle may be distinguished, a distance of sixteen or eighteen miles; but not a hill to diversify the repetition of parallel lines, formed by the masses of trees before-mentioned, which stretch across the whole horizon of the prospect. Nature has been bountiful in scattering her enchantments over this scene, and art has been active in contributing her graces; for wherever the eye may be directed, some portion of mansion or elegant villa peeps from amid its leafy veil, or pours a whitening curl, in contrast to some umbrageous screen, and gives an animation to the whole. This widely-spread proof of wealth and enjoyment, in no small degree, contributes to the rapture which all experience who contemplate this prospect. Richmond has for ages been considered a spot of peculiar beauty. It was formerly called Sheen, in the Saxon language signifying resplendent. Here stood a palace, in which Edward the First and Second resided. Edward the Third died here of grief for his heroic son. Here also died Anne, Queen of Richard the Second. The palace was repaired by Henry the Fifth. It was burnt in 1497—rebuilt by Henry the Seventh, who gave it the name of Richmond, and died here. Queen Elizabeth was some time a prisoner here, during the reign of her sister Mary, after whose death, Elizabeth made it her favourite place of residence, and here she closed her illustrious career.

But we must hasten to return to the metropolis. The sun is sinking in the west, and casting his long shadows across the lawns and villa grounds. The boat again receives our party, and, dropping down the river, we, with little effort, reach the landing place near one of the upper bridges, just as twilight departs, and leaves the heavy masses of houses around us in the gloom of night.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

DEW.

AFTER the death-like repose in which all nature has been hushed by the bleak storms of winter, the return of spring may truly be hailed as a season of delight, inspiring, as it does, even the humblest being in the scale of organization with a new impetus of life, and clothing even inanimate objects with a beauty, which speaks not only to the eye, but audibly to the heart of man. It is a transition from all the torpor of utter inactivity to the joyous consciousness of rekindled existence, and is the very season which invites us the most urgently to contemplate and study the infinite variety of objects and phenomena which diversify, while they adorn, the path of our earthly pilgrimage. Such cannot be considered as a heavy or an irksome task, but as a recreation, more calculated than any other to wean away our thoughts from those cares and anxieties which the common business of life winds painfully around the heart; besides which, it enables us to appreciate more deeply and fervently the perfection which is every where observable throughout the universe.

We have already explained the causes of the formation, and the phenomena attending the fall, of hail, rain, snow, &c.; and now a gentler agency claims our consideration, for the purpose of entering on which we may suppose ourselves retired into an open country, where we can attentively observe the silent operations of nature. No sooner does the sun begin to decline towards the horizon, than its rays, while they reflect a glowing crimson light on tower and spire, and on the clouds afar off, fall more slantingly to the earth, whereby their intensity is diminished, and a change of temperature immediately induced; for the air soon feels chilly and damp, and the grass beneath our footsteps becomes moistened with a genial and refreshing dew. Let us not pass this over hastily, but rather pause to examine how it happens. It is no occult mystery, but may easily be explained; for it is by simple means that nature generally accomplishes her most beneficent designs. It has been elsewhere explained, that all bodies receive a certain quantity of heat, which, under particular circumstances, they again emit from them; in doing which, they necessarily be-

come colder than they previously were, unless they receive in exchange another quantity of heat sufficient to compensate for the loss they have sustained. In this case, their temperature will remain stationary; but if they part with more than returns to them, their temperature necessarily must fall. When, then, the object so cooled is encompassed by a warm and moist medium, it condenses, by its cold contact, vapour on its surface, and thereby becomes moistened. Hence the origin of dew; for no sooner does the sun sink towards the horizon, than the blades of grass which clothe the surface of the earth give out the heat which they have been receiving during the day; the consequence of which is, that their temperature falls so much below that of the surrounding air, that they condense on their surfaces part of the moisture which immediately surrounds them. The temperature of the body, as indicated by the thermometer, at which this deposition takes place, is called the "dew point," which, for the formation of dew, must always be below the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere: indeed, the quantity of dew formed will always be in proportion to the coldness of the grass, and to the quantity of moisture suspended in the air. Besides this, after the sun has set, the moisture which the earth has imbibed during the day, and which still rests below the grassy surface, rises up or evaporates, in doing which, it rises up through or between the blades of grass, the cold contact of which gradually condenses it. Dew, therefore, on calm and clear nights, is more abundant shortly after rain than during a long season of dry weather. During westerly or southerly winds, which are generally impregnated with moisture, it is also formed more copiously than during easterly and northerly winds. Besides the quantity of moisture existing in the air, the greater or lesser copiousness of the dew formed, depends, as we have premised, on the coldness of the objects on which it is about to be condensed. If the night be calm and clear, the grassy blades emit their heat freely, and it is dispersed through the atmosphere, without any equivalent return, whereby the temperature of the grass soon sinks sufficiently low to condense the surrounding vapour; but if, instead of this, the night be cloudy, then the clouds reflect, like mirrors, the rays of heat back again to the grassy blades, and prevent this diminution, so that less dew is then deposited. If, in addition to the sky being overcast with clouds, the weather be windy, no dew will be formed; for the temperature of the grass is then prevented sinking by the agitation of the air, by which a warmer current is continually brought to succeed the colder current by which it is surrounded. Hence, if, during the night, the weather, from having been calm and serene, become windy and cloudy, not only will dew cease to form, but that which has been already deposited will disappear, or diminish considerably. Every kind of covering or shelter which extends above any object, will interrupt the radiation or escape of its heat; for which reason gardeners, to prevent plants being chilled, cover them over, on the approach of evening, with a layer of straw or matting. Ice is formed in Bengal during the clearest and calmest nights, by placing water in shallow vessels a little below the earth's surface, in which situation it has been observed that bodies grow colder from radiation to the heavens at night than in any other; but this process becomes checked if the night turn cloudy and windy. The covering of snow which the earth enjoys during winter, protects in like manner its warmth, by preventing the radiation of its heat. For this reason, the grass which is situated beneath the boughs of large and spreading trees, becomes only sparingly moistened with dew; for the shelter above interrupts the progress of radiation from the substances underneath, and so preserves their temperature. Accordingly, it is an established axiom, that whatever diminishes the view of the sky, as seen from the exposed body, will occasion the quantity of dew to be less than would have been deposited if the exposure to the sky had been complete. Dew is formed, therefore, more sparingly and irregularly in cities than in the country, where the most open grassy plains are always the most abundantly bedewed. In this country it begins to appear in shady places as soon as the heat of the atmosphere has declined; but though the grass on clear still evenings often becomes moist several hours before sunset, dew is seldom present in such quantities as to exhibit visible drops until the sun reaches the horizon; nor does it become copious until some time after sunset. It continues to form also in shaded places some time after sunrise; and it is remarkable, that more dew forms a little before, and in shaded places a little after sunrise, than at any other period. It has also been observed, that more dew is formed between midnight and sunrise, than between sunset and midnight—a circumstance which is owing to the cold of the atmosphere being greater in the latter than in the former part of the night. As the quantity of dew deposited thus depends so much on the degree of coldness which the body about to be bedewed attains, its quantity must be materially modified by the greater or the lesser facility with which substances part with their heat. Grass, being a filamentous substance, parts more readily with its heat than garden mould or gravel; wherefore dew is more plentifully deposited on meadow grounds than on ploughed lands. Thus, cultivated soils are refreshed with abundance of dew, while barren rocks and sandy deserts do not receive this congenial moisture. Indeed, every shrub and herb, every leaf and blade of grass, possesses, according

to its kind, a different power of radiation, so that each condenses as much dew as is necessary for its own individual and peculiar exigencies. Thus, not even a single dew-drop seems to have been formed by the rude hand of chance, but is adjusted by the balance of infinite wisdom to accomplish a definite and benevolent end.

The water of dew, when collected, has been superstitiously considered to possess various remarkable, and almost supernatural qualities. Borelli asserts that, in some instances, dew-water is capable of dissolving gold. In the West Indies, and in other tropical climates, numerous diseases are attributed to its noxious qualities. But such notions are, for the most part, as fanciful as the popular virtues of May-dew, which, in this country, has been considered an excellent cosmetic capable of clearing and beautifying the complexion. It may, however, be observed, that some plants give out so much carbonic acid as to impregnate very agreeably the dew-water formed on them; and this, in the peninsula of India, is collected as a luxury, and used medicinally. By the Moor men, and rich Hindoos, it is much prized, and is obtained by spreading pieces of muslin cloth in the flowering sennaga, from which, when well saturated, the moisture is wrung out, and preserved for use. It is an old observation, that the presence of dew assists the putrefaction of animal substances; thus Pliny, in his Natural History, remarks—"Whenever you see, at any feast, the dishes and platters whereon your meat is served up to the board sweat or stand of a dew, terrible tempests may be prognosticated"—an ominous prediction, founded on this popular observation. It has also been remarked, nor need the reference excite the smile of credulity, that animal substances, exposed in the open air to the light of the moon, very quickly undergo putrefaction. Thus Plutarch observes, "the moon has some influence on flesh; meat corrupts sooner in the moonlight than in the sun." "Fish," says Montgomerie, "hung up all night in the light of the moon, will occasion violent sickness and excruciating pains." So, too, Mr Madden, in his Travels in Turkey, informs us "that the Arabs attribute a morbid influence to the moon, and think it causes ophthalmia and catarrh." The solution of all which mysterious speculation is simply this:—that the presence of moisture promotes, and is indeed essential to, the decomposition of animal matter, and, on bright moonlight nights, the air being generally still, and the firmament unclouded, such substances radiate their heat very freely, and soon become covered with dew. It is neither the dew-water, therefore, nor the moonbeams, which are charged with any specific morbid influence. Thus, in the blindness of humanity, do we often mistake the very facts before us, and take erroneous data for the foundation of our most favourite theories; but the history of the world proves that truth is eternal and progressive, and, in the end, must triumph over error and superstition.

HONEY DEW.

There is a species of dew which is sweet and grateful to the taste, named honey dew, which often collects on the leaves of plants in very considerable quantities. It is now known to naturalists that it is occasioned by insects (of the genus *Aphis*) which inhabit the under side of the leaves, and shed this liquor on the surface of those below. This little creature seems to subsist by drawing the juices from the sapvessels, and, by some peculiarity of constitution, rejects the sweet or saccharine matter which falls on the leaves below, and afterwards affords nutriment to many other insects. Ants are so fond of it, that a whole colony may be found travelling to the highest branches of a tree in search of it; and they have been seen to seize the clear drop, while yet attached to the body of the *Aphis*, which, although defenceless, was not molested farther by these predaceous wanderers. "This clammy substance," says Gilbert White, "is very grateful to bees, who gather it with great assiduity; but it is injurious to the trees on which it happens to fall, by stopping the pores of the leaves. The greatest quantity falls (or, he should have said, is collected) in still close weather, because winds disperse it, and copious dews dilute it, and prevent its ill effects."

All observers of nature must have remarked, that the deposition of dew cools, refreshes, and invigorates the vegetable creation. "Without its presence," says Mr Savary, "Egypt would be uninhabitable; for so copiously does it gather during the summer night, that the earth in the morning is so deeply soaked, that one would imagine that rain had fallen during the night. So, too, on the coast of Africa, and in some other countries, the deposition of dew is so regular and abundant as to supply the want of rain. Its beneficial effects in warm countries was doubtless the reason why Scripture promised the Israelites, who inhabited a climate pretty similar to that of Egypt, the dew of heaven, as a signal favour. So, too, the blessings that arise from unity of love are in the Psalms likened to the dews of Hermon, and to the dew that descended on the mountains of Sion. When, indeed, we pause to contemplate the peculiar circumstances under which dew is formed, and observe that it gathers silently and gently upon the leaves of the most delicate flowers, and on every individual blade of grass, when all nature is about to sink into repose, it suggests to us many pleasing associations; nor can we avert the reflection, that, even beneath the shadow of night, the spirit of a beneficent being is abroad ministrating

to the wants of the humblest object of creation. It was on such a calm and serene night as we have seen is necessary for the deposition of dew, that the noble poet probably penned these lines, with which we may appropriately conclude this brief sketch:—

"There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy; for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love distill,
Weeping themselves away, 'till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues."

THE MISERIES OF SAVAGE LIFE.

SURROUNDED as we are by all the blessings of civilization, we seldom look back into the darkness and misery of those past ages, when mankind, unenlightened by knowledge, and unaided by experience, had to contend with the most appalling difficulties. Yet such a retrospect, however briefly taken, must be instructive, exhibiting, as it does, in the most vivid colours, the advantages and blessings which we have derived from the extension of those divine truths, which have alone ameliorated our moral and intellectual condition. The infancy of every nation may be wrapt in darkness; but the records of the most ancient history, and the structure of the globe itself, establish the fact, that a deluge, terrible in its nature, and destructive in its consequences, at one time swept over the tops of the highest mountains. Previous to this eventful epoch, many useful arts appear to have been acquired; but afterwards, mankind, dispersing in scattered groups through the world, sought only to satisfy their immediate physical wants, and degenerated into a state of ignorance and barbarism. Some lived in woods, others in caves; thus, want of sociability engendered ferocious and savage habits, and, amidst the moral anarchy that ensued, we can scarcely discover one redeeming ray of light. Thus the great continents of Africa and America, and the northern parts of Europe, had their forests peopled with wandering and scattered tribes of savages, scarcely able to supply themselves with the commonest necessities of life. Even the use of fire was by some forgotten—a fact still attested by many travellers. This was the case with the inhabitants of the Marian Islands, discovered in 1521. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it, on the descent of Magellan on one of the islands. At first they believed it to be a kind of animal that fixed itself to and fed upon the wood. Some of them who approached too near being burnt, the rest were terrified, and dared not look at it, even from a distance. They were afraid, they said, of being bit, or that the dreadful animal would wound them by his violent respiration. The Egyptians and Phœnicians, having forgotten the method of procuring fire, discovered it by observing that forests were set on fire by the collision of their trees. The Chinese say, that Sui-gin-chi, one of their first kings, taught them how to kindle fire, by rubbing two pieces of wood strongly against each other. Being so unacquainted with the use of fire, men could not then dress nor prepare their food in a proper manner. Hence historians speak of nations who had no other way of dressing their food, except by exposing it to the rays of the sun. But many had not recourse to this expedient, and devoured meat in a raw state—a custom at present retained by some uncivilized tribes. The fruits and herbs which grew wild in the woods and fields, constituted the principal food which mankind first sought, and which they ate without any artificial preparation. The Egyptians originally lived on the roots and herbs which grew in their fields and marshes, without any other way of distinguishing them but by taste. The Greeks in the first ages fed on roots and wild fruits, especially on acorns—whence the custom with them arose of presenting every new married pair, on the day of their nuptials, with a basket of acorns mixed with bread. Herodotus speaks of a nation in India that lived on herbage, and similar examples might be cited. But mankind did not, even in the primitive ages, confine themselves to this simple kind of diet. Incredible as it may appear, some savages have been found who eat rats, toads, serpents, and various reptiles and insects. But, more deplorable than this, is the well-attested fact, that some men have existed savage enough to make even human flesh their food. People have been known in Asia, Africa, and America, who hunted their fellow men as we do wild beasts. On these occasions, they endeavoured to take them alive; upon which they dragged them to their huts, and, after killing them, devoured them. It is even asserted by some authors, that formerly, in parts of these countries, there were public markets for human flesh. Such horrible practices as these can only, in reason, be ascribed to that savage state induced by the sufferings arising from extreme hunger, in which deplorable extremity mothers have been known to devour their own children. The Jews, so late as the days of Trajan, having overcome a considerable army, composed of Greeks and Romans, near Cyrene, ate those who fell in battle, anointed themselves with their blood, and made clothes of their skins. "The Padeli, a nation of India," says Herodotus, "live upon raw flesh. When either males or females approach towards old age, they are slain, and devoured by their nearest relations or neighbours." The custom of eating the prisoners taken in war seems to have prevailed

among many nations. "Why do I speak," says an old historian, "of other nations, when I myself saw, while I was in Gaul, the Scots, who inhabit a considerable portion of the island of Britain, eat human flesh? And when they found in the woods shepherds and keepers of hogs, they cut off the hips of the men, and the breasts of the women, which they esteemed as the most delicious repast." Captain Cook describes the prevalence of this horrible practice among the New Zealanders. "According to their system of belief," says he, "the soul of the man whose flesh is devoured by the enemy is doomed to a perpetual fire, while the soul of the man whose body has been rescued, as well as the souls of all who die a natural death, ascend to the habitations of the gods." But we need not enlarge on this savage custom, which, doubtless, must excite a shudder in every bosom. Let us attend to other points illustrative of the degeneration of mankind into the savage state.

In the infancy of the world, even in the patriarchal age, attention was paid to dress, the magnificence of which then appears to have consisted in the fineness of the stuff, and the variety of colours it exhibited. Rebecca, the better to disguise Jacob, made him put on Esau's garments, which she kept with care, and which Moses speaks of as very beautiful. So likewise Jacob, who tenderly loved Joseph, gave him a conspicuous robe, which excited the envy of his brethren. After the dispersion of mankind, however, many of them allowed their offspring to give up the use of clothes, and savages are still found, who, to this day, have no idea of covering for their bodies. The Patagonians were accustomed to go naked, and suffered no inconvenience from the bitter coldness of their climate. Even in this country, the Picts continued naked until the time of Severus. The habits induced by the wants of uncivilized life necessarily became of the most humiliating description, for, uncontrolled by any moral law, every tribe was left to be influenced by their own selfish and corrupt passions. In such a condition, the human soul may be aptly compared to a dark lake, over whose accursed bosom no single redeeming ray of light is allowed to gleam. Even the intercourse between the sexes in such a state does not lead to humanity, but is often preluded by acts of brutal and atrocious violence. Among the savages of New South Wales, the savage selects his intended wife from men of a different tribe, generally at enmity with his own. He steals upon her in the absence of her protectors, strikes her a severe blow on the head with a club, and drags her away, stunned and bleeding, to his retreat. She is then completely subjected to his control; nor do any of her tribe think of avenging the cruelty. In this barbarous condition, even the parent has often no sympathy towards his offspring, and frequently leaves it to die exposed in the forests, or on the banks of a river—or, immediately upon birth, puts it to death. The Giasas, a fierce and wandering people in the central parts of Africa, bury all their children the moment of their birth, choosing, in their stead, those children which have been taken in war. Among the savages in New South Wales, if the mother of a child, nourished by the breast, die, the helpless infant is buried alive in the same grave with the mother. The father himself places his living child on the body of his dead wife, and, having thrown a large stone upon it, the grave is instantly filled up. The Hindoos, and many other nations, in their early history, adopted, to a considerable extent, this unnatural and barbarous practice.

In this savage state, man desires at first only to satisfy his own immediate physical wants; then, when, by design or accident, he is led to intercourse with men similar in condition to himself, he gives way to the most inexorable passions. Often the passion of cruelty, and that to a most incredible extent, becomes the predominating feature of his character; and so hardened, indeed, does his heart become, that it seems even to pant with delight in witnessing spectacles from which every feeling of humanity and compassion would shrink back in confusion and dismay. "I have been present," says Hearne, describing a tribe of North American Indians, "when one of them would imitate the groans, distorted features, and contracted positions of a man who had died in most excruciating pain; and the exhibition put the whole company, except myself, into violent fits of laughter." Amidst the moral anarchy which in such a degenerate condition prevails, some of the passions incident to human nature scarcely manifest themselves, while others rise up in frightful and appalling violence. Jealousy among savages, in the lowest state of degradation, is seldom or never cherished; for the existence of this passion implies a degree of affection which never animates, or sheds a kindly influence over, the savage bosom. But revenge, no matter whether it exhaust its fury on inanimate objects, on beasts of the forest, or upon the offending fellow man, is an ever active principle which stimulates perpetually to every species of outrage. Among the Kookies, it is customary, if one of their number be killed by falling from a tree, for the rest to assemble and cut it down, and, whatever be its size, they convert it into chips, and scatter them to the wind. If one of them become the prey of a tiger, the whole tribe is up in arms, and the family of the deceased remains in disgrace, until, by destroying the animal, they can give a feast of its flesh. Among the black Circassians, when one man has been killed by another, the relatives of the deceased consider it ne-

cessary to avenge his death by the blood of the murderer, which, they conceive, can alone give him and their souls rest.

No picture can present in colours too deep and glowing the unmitigated horrors of savage life; yet, strange to say, some of our philosophers have pretended to maintain that this is the condition natural to man—this a state of primeval unclouded happiness! Happy savage! I exclaim the disciples of Rousseau; if the boughs of the forest defend him from the storm, if the herbs of the field and fruits of the woods afford him but scanty nourishment, still his wants are satisfied; he is not insulted by the haughty frowns of his superiors; he is not forced to contrast his own narrow dwelling with turreted palaces that seem to mock his indigence; he is free as the wind, and may, from sunrise to sunset, bask in indolence, or exert himself with activity, exactly as his own innate desires may happen to prompt him. But this is vain and hollow sophistry. They forget that every tempest which howls about his forest dwelling, strikes him to the heart with superstitious fear and frightful alarm: they forget the cares and anxieties which prey upon him while he seeks the precariously found herbs or fruits, which scarcely satisfy the gnawing pains of hunger; they forget that his freedom, which is his birthright, is another name for idleness run wild, and is accompanied neither by peace, safety, nor happiness. And yet, notwithstanding all this, our best philosophers continually appealed to man in the savage state to illustrate what are the natural propensities and habits of the human race. Most assuredly this is a glaring error; for the savage state is to be regarded only as that state of degradation into which the human race gradually fell after their dispersion into distant countries, and from which they can progressively be liberated by the benign agency of civilization. Were it the condition natural to man, surely it would be somewhat perpetuated; but instead of this, the moment one ray of Christian light penetrates into the gloom of his forest, the savage abandons his reedy hut, he gives up his depraved and ferocious habits, his passions soften down, and he becomes "redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled." It is not for us to determine what are the progressive stages to human happiness, nor wherefore a certain scale or gradation in the moral and mental condition of mankind should be observable throughout the world; yet doubtless this has been so designed in the great scheme of the creation, and therefore all approaches to perfection in religion, morality, politics, and science, must be accomplished gradually—the first step of the progression leading us out of that night of darkness and ignorance, which, like the original chaos, seems to be the primary condition both of the intellectual and moral world.

EMIGRATION.*

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

I KNOW of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine industrious independent peasantry taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else. I saw the children all in high spirits, playing together and amusing themselves with trifles; and I wondered if those dear innocents, in after life, would remember any thing at all of the land of their nativity. They felt no regret, for they knew that they had no home but where their parents were, no staff or stay but on them. They were beside them, and attending to all their little wants, and they were happy. How different the looks of the parents! They looked backward toward their native mountains and glades with the most rueful expression of countenance. These looks never can be cancelled from my heart; and I noted always, that the older the men were, their looks were the more regretful and desolate. They thought, without doubt, of the tombs of their parents and friends whose heads they had laid in an honoured grave, and that, after a few years of the toil and weariness collateral with old age, they were going to lay down their bones in a new world, a far distant clime, never to mix their ashes with those that were dearest to them. Alas! the days are gone that I have seen! It is long since emigration from the Highlands commenced; for, when clanship was abolished as far as government edicts could abolish it, the poor Highlanders were obliged to emigrate. But never till now did the brave and intelligent Borderers rush from their native country, all with symptoms of reckless despair. It is most deplorable.

* We willingly give insertion to this communication from Mr Hogg—for, though the prejudice of place should never interfere to a great extent with the prospects which an individual may have of bettering himself by emigration, it cannot be denied that there is a sentiment of a sacred, and, in one point of view, most useful kind, in one's attachment to his native country; which sentiment appears to us to be developed in a very touching manner by our respected correspondent.

The whole of our most valuable peasantry and operative manufacturers are leaving us. All who have made a little money to freight them over the Atlantic, and procure them a settlement in America, Van Dieman's Land, or New South Wales, are hurrying from us as from a place infected with the plague. Every day the desire to emigrate increases, both in amount and intensity: in some parts of the country the movement is taking place to an immense extent. In the industrious village of Galashiels, fifty-two are already booked for transportation. In the town of Hawick, and its subordinate villages, are double that number. My own brothers, sisters, nephews, and nieces, are all going away; and if I were not the very individual that I am, I should be the first to depart. But my name is now so much identified with Scotland and Ettrick Forest, that, though I must die as I have lived, I cannot leave them.

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board the gallant ship, *Helen Douglas*, for the British settlements in America. Among the rest was Adam Haliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and, I think, nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two oldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he and Mr Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself, and some others, were standing around the father and sons, when the following interesting dialogue took place:—

"Now, Ailie, my man, ye're to behave yourself, and no be like a woman and greet. I canna hide to see the tears comin' pappin' over thae manly young cheeks; for though you an' Jamie had been my riches, my strength, an' shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out o' my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore, be good lads, an' mind the thing that's good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an' the bairns an' me, an' we'll a' work thegither to aye anither's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken weel how ye are circumstanced, an' how ye have been screwed at hame. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James's heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy, about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helpit," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likit to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin' the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now; for, as it is, afore I win to the settlement, I'll no hae a siller sixpence. But ye're young an' healthy an' stout, an' gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father an' mother, an' help them."

"But aince friends are partit, an' the half o' the globe between them, there's but a sma' chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likit to hae gane wi' ye, an' helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, an' leev'd an' de'd wi' ye. It's an awfu' thing to be left in a country where aye hae nae hame to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation, that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness; but he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step; but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow; so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay-loft.

Having resolved to sail with the *Helen Douglas* as far as the Point of Cumberland, I attended the next day at the quay, where a great number of people were assembled to take farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Haliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Haliday; "why, the poor fellows hae na left themselves a boddle in helpin' to fit out their mother and me; how can they enter themselves as passengers?"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board paid to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination; but if any more is required, I am authorised to advance that likewise."

"An' wha is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Haliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms, and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independ-

ent man—at aince, tell me wha is the kind good man?—was it Mr Hogg?"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you, Mr Haliday," said he; "let it suffice that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and there are their names registered as paid."

"I winna set my fit aff the coast o' Scotland, sir," said Haliday, "until I ken wha has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and morning; no, I winna set a fit into the boat—I winna leave the shore o' auld Scotland till I ken wha my benefactor is. Can I gang awa without kenning wha the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born? Na, na! I canna, captain; sae ye may just as weel tell me at aince."

"Then, since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" fell, I think, from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the old pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even maugre some resistance. Old Haliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands, and in an ecstasy, mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win, or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There was never sic a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother sin' the world stood up. An' ye sall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye sall hae your siller." "Ay, that he sall!" exclaimed both of the young lads.

"Na, na, Auld Haliday, say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar; "d'ye ken, man, I had sundry verra strong motives for this: in the first place, I saw that you *could not do* without the lads; and mair than that, I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eirry, to vend my wares for a year or twa, an' I wantit to hae ae house at ony rate where I wad be sure o' a night's quarters. I'll ca' for my siller, Auldie, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't; an' if I dinna ca' for't, be sure never to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never ony siller reaches this frae America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the old pedlar's that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him, and every eye turned on him with admiration.

LITERARY HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

MODERN FOREIGN VERSIONS.

We have seen, by the preceding articles on this subject, that, at some period prior to the promulgation of Christianity, there existed a valuable translation of the Scriptures into Greek, entitled the SEPTUAGINT, or the SEVENTY, from the number of individuals engaged in its arrangement. It has also been shown, that, at an early period in the history of the Christian church, a Latin translation of the Scriptures was found, called the VULGATE. These Greek and Latin versions of the Bible did not supersede the use of the original Hebrew Scriptures, such being ever preserved by the Jews with the most extraordinary care, and generally made use of by them in their synagogues, while the Septuagint and Vulgate, from being in more modern languages, were in more extensive use among churchmen and the people. The existence of these early versions is therefore an incontestible evidence that the Scriptures, as now found in the original tongues, have not been impaired, interpolated, or abused, during the lapse of at least two thousand years.

Almost all the modern nations of Europe, and part of Asia, have had versions of the Scriptures, in whole or in part, taken from other versions, or from the originals. Arabic having become the vulgar language of almost all the East, there are several versions of the Bible in Arabic, which, besides the Syriac version (which is understood by the learned alone), are not only used by the Maronites and other Christians in Asia, but also by the Jews and Samaritans. About the year 900, Rabbi Saadias Gaon, an Arabian Jew, translated the Old Testament, or, at least, the Pentateuch, into Arabic. Another Jew of Mauritania translated the Pentateuch, and Erpenius printed his work. Risius, a monk of Damascus, translated the New Testament. The greater part of these versions were from the Septuagint.

The Persians have some manuscript versions of the Bible. Rabbi Jacob Favos, a Jew, translated the Pentateuch into Persian, and the Jews printed it at Constantinople in 1546. This, with the Gospels translated by one Simon, a Christian, are inserted in the London Polyglott;* but these Gospels are far from being

correctly done. There have been several other Persian versions of the Psalms and the New Testament executed in modern times, particularly the New Testament by Henry Martyn, the celebrated English missionary, translated by him in the city of Shiraz in Persia, and printed at Petersburg in 1815.

The Turks have likewise some translations in manuscript of the Bible in their language. In 1666, a Turkish New Testament was printed at London, for the purpose of being dispersed in the East. It is mentioned, that, in 1721, the Grand Seigneur ordered an impression of Bibles to be produced at Constantinople, that they might be confronted with the Koran, or Bible of the Mahomedans. In the Report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for 1815, it is mentioned, that a Turkish translation in manuscript of the whole Bible had been discovered in the repositories of the University of Leyden, where it had remained for a century and a half. The author of this translation was by birth a Pole, of the name of Albertus Boboosky, and born in the beginning of the seventeenth century. While a youth, he was stolen by the Tartars, and, being sold to the Turks in Constantinople, he was by them educated in the Mahomedan faith. His name was changed to Hali Bey, and when he grew up, he was constituted chief dragoman or translator to Mahomed the Fourth. The learning of Hali Bey was considerable. He understood seventeen languages, and he is said to have spoken in French, German, and English, like a native. He was particularly fond of the English language, and, at the request of the Hon. R. Boyle, translated the Church of England Catechism into Turkish. He also composed different works himself, several of which have been published. His chief work, however, is his translation of the whole Bible into the Turkish language, which was undertaken at the instigation and under the direction of the famous Levin Warner, Dutch ambassador at the court of the sultan at that period; and the translation appears to have been completed about the year 1666, the same year in which Seaman's translation of the New Testament into Turkish was published at Oxford.

The Armenians have a translation of the Old Testament, done from the Septuagint, by Moses Grammaticus, and two others, about 1400 years ago. In 1666, under the direction of an Armenian bishop, it was printed at Amsterdam, corrected or corrupted from the Vulgate. Theodorus Patreus procured an impression of an Armenian New Testament at Antwerp in 1668, and of the whole Bible in 1690. In 1815, the Armenian Bible, in quarto, for the accommodation of the Armenian inhabitants of Russia, who subscribed liberally for the undertaking, was printed at St Petersburg. The Armenians are scattered all over Asia.

The Georgians have the Bible in their ancient language; but that being now almost obsolete, and themselves, in general, brutishly ignorant, few of them can either read or understand it. There has never been, till lately, but one edition of the Georgian Bible; it was printed at Moscow in 1743, in a large folio volume.

The modern Greeks have recently received the New Testament in their proper tongue, which is considerably different from that in which the sacred work was originally written. The edition is in the Hellenistic and Romaic dialects, and was printed in England under the direction of a society. It has been approved of by the Patriarch of the Greek church.

The Russians have the Bible in their Slavonic tongue, done from the Greek by Cyril, their apostle. It was published in 1581, but being too obscure, Ernest Glik, a Swedish captive, above one hundred years ago, began to form another. He died before he finished it. Peter the Great ordered a number of his most learned clergy to complete the work; and it is supposed that the Bibles distributed by imperial authority about 1722 were of this translation. In the course of two hundred and sixty years, from the time when printing was first introduced into Russia, no more than twenty-two editions of the Slavonian Bible had appeared, prior to the year 1815, consisting of about fifty thousand copies only.

The most ancient German translation is that of Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about A.D. 360; but he left out the Books of Kings, lest they should have excited his savage countrymen to war. Towards the end of the 16th century, Junius professed to publish an edition of it, from a manuscript found in the abbey of Verden, written in letters of silver. An anonymous version was printed at Nuremberg in 1477. Between 1521 and 1532, Luther composed his translation, but Michaelis, La Croze, and Bayer, think this was not from the Gothic version of Ulphilas, but one about 200 years later; he published it in seven parts, as it was ready. Some persons of quality, masters of the German language, revised it. Two Catholic versions, the one of Eckius on the Old, and Emzer on the New Testament, and another of Ulemburgius, were published to depress the credit of Luther's; but the Protestants of Germany and Switzerland still use it, a little corrected. About 1604, Piscator turned the Latin translation of Junius and Tremellius into a kind of German, but too much Latinized. About 1680, Athias published a Hebrew-German translation of the Old Testament, for the sake of his Jewish brethren, and Jekuthiel another; but both, especially the latter, distorted several texts relative to the Messiah, &c.

The first Polish version of the Scriptures is ascribed to Hadevich, the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania, who embraced Christianity A.D. 1390. In 1596, the Protestants published another, formed on Luther's translation. There were three other versions, one by James Wick, a Jesuit, and the other two by Socinians, published in the end of the 16th century.

About 1506, the Bohemian Taborites published a Bible in their language, done from the Vulgate. In the end of the 16th century, eight Bohemian divines, after a careful study of the original languages, at Wirtemberg and Basil, published a version from the original text.

In 1534, Olaus and Laurence published a Swedish Bible, done from Luther's German translation. About 1617, Gustavus Adolphus ordered some learned men to revise it; and it has been, since, almost universally followed in that kingdom. The translation into the language of Finland is thought to have been done from it. In 1550, Peter Palladius, and three others, published a Danish version, done from the German of Luther; and there are one or two others, as also a version in the Icelandic tongue.

The Flemish or Dutch Bibles, composed by Roman Catholics, are very numerous; but the names of the translators are scarcely known, except that of Nicolas Vink, in 1548. The Calvinists of the Low Countries long used a version done from Luther's; but the Synod of Dort appointed some learned men to form a new one from the originals. It was published in 1637, and is considered very exact.

Since the Reformation, a vast number of Latin versions of the Bible have been made by members of the Romish church. Pagnin the *Dominican* was the first after St Jerome who translated the Old Testament into Latin from the Hebrew. His version was printed at Lyons in 1528. It is very literal, and generally exact. Arias Montanus retouched it, and made it yet more literal. After Pagnin came a crowd of interpreters, since the Hebrew language has been more studied. Leo of Judah, who, though not a Jew, understood Hebrew extremely well, began one, which has since been printed at Zurich; but death having prevented him from finishing his work, Theodorus Bibliander completed it. This is the version which Robert Stephens printed with the *Vulgate* and *Vatablus's* Notes, without naming the authors of it. Of Protestants, Emmanuel Tremellius, who of a Jew became a Christian, and Francis Junius, have also given a Latin translation, as also Castalio and Beza. These are considered tolerably exact, and have been frequently reprinted. Sebastian Munster also published a literal but judicious translation.

In 1471, an Italian Bible, done from the Vulgate, by Nicolas Malerme, a Benedictine monk, was published at Venice. Anthony Brucioli published another in 1530, but the Council of Trent prohibited it. The Protestants have two Italian versions—the one, which is rather a paraphrase than a translation, by the celebrated Diodati, published in 1607, and with corrections in 1641—the other by Maximus Theophilus, and dedicated to the Duke of Tuscany, about 1551. By an order of King James of Arragon to burn them, we find there were a number of Bibles in Spanish, about the year 1270, probably the work of the Waldenses. About 1500, a Spanish version was published, but the translator's name is unknown. In 1543, Driander published his version of the New Testament, and dedicated it to the Emperor Charles the Fifth. In 1553, the Jews published their Spanish version of the Old Testament, after having long used it in private. Cassiodore, a learned Calvinist, published his Bible in 1569, which Cyprian de Valera corrected and republished in 1602.

Peter de Vaux, chief of the Waldenses, published the first translation of the Bible in French, about A.D. 1160. Two others were published about the years 1290 and 1390; and in 1550, by order of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the doctors of Louvain published another. There are various other French versions, particularly of the New Testament; that of Mons, done from the Vulgate, and published in 1665, with the King of Spain and Archbishop of Cambray's licence, is in a most clear and agreeable style. In 1702, F. Simon published his New Testament, with some literal and critical notes, which the Bishops of Paris and Meaux quickly condemned.

There are many French versions of the Bible done by Protestants. Faber's translation of the New Testament was printed for those of Piedmont, in 1534. Next year, Peter Olivetan's Bible was published at Geneva, and, having been often reprinted with the corrections of Calvin and others, it is now a work of considerable exactness. After some struggling with the French Protestant clergy, Diodati published his in 1644; but, like his Italian and Latin versions, the translation is too free and paraphrastic. Le Clerc published his New Testament at Amsterdam in 1703, with notes mostly borrowed from Grotius and Hammond. The States-General prohibited it, as inclining to the Sabellian and Socinian heresies. La Cene published another, which shared much the same fate, on account of its fancies and errors.

The Bible, or at least portions of it, principally by the labours of the missionaries at Serampore, are now printed in nearly forty Indian languages, and are also to be found in Tartar, in Calmuc, and in Chinese. Upon the whole, out of the 3064 languages which are said to exist in the world, the Bible is now to be found in one hundred and thirty-nine.

* Polyglott is a Greek compound word, signifying many tongues, and is employed as a title for certain modern editions of the Scriptures, printed in divers languages.

GREECE.

THE new independent kingdom of Greece, as now established, will probably be the smallest in the world, both in territory and in population. It includes all the country lying south of a line drawn from the Gulf of Volo to that of Arta (anciently the Sinus Ambracius), together with several of the islands of the Archipelago. Its utmost length, from north to south, is about two hundred miles; its greatest breadth scarcely one hundred and sixty. The population is even more scanty than this unexampled exiguity of boundary would lead us to imagine. It has been stated by various writers at all amounts between five hundred thousand and two millions. The probability is, that it cannot exceed six hundred thousand at the present moment; though, as soon as the new government is firmly seated on the throne, and some tolerable prospect of stability and security held out, the immigration will be immense from all quarters, especially from Thessaly and Albania; and it may reasonably be expected that, in a very few years, regenerated Greece will double its population by this means alone.

The whole country presents, to a fanciful eye, the appearance of a troubled sea, which has been convulsed by some magic touch at the moment of its wildest turbulence. The mountains follow on each other in such quick succession as to leave no room for flat land, except near the sea, and in a few valleys in the interior, which have been gradually formed into plains by the accumulated deposits which torrents have washed down from the surrounding hills. The only plains of any extent or fertility which I noticed throughout Greece, were those of Argos and Marathon, both of which border on the sea; and those of Mantinea and Megalopolis, in the centre of the ancient Arcadia. Many of the mountains, especially in the Morea, are very high and difficult of access, and their summits are covered with snow till a late period in the spring. But they are often enriched by extensive forests of oak and fir, and afford excellent pasture for the flocks of sheep and goats, which still furnish the chief wealth and occupation of a large proportion of the modern Greeks.

Throughout Greece, with the exception of two or three plains, the soil is generally light, poor, and stony, and better fitted for the growth of vines than any more requiring crop. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the extreme scarcity of water, which is one of the chief disadvantages with which Nature has compensated the loveliness of scenery and richness of climate she has bestowed on this delightful land. With the single exception of the Achelous, all the most celebrated rivers of Grecian mythology, such as the Alpheus, the Eurotas, the Inachus, are mere insignificant streamlets. Arcadia, however, and, to a certain extent, Laconia also, are exceptions; and in the former province, the numberless rivulets which water every dell, form one of the chief features which have contributed to render it the paradise of poetical imaginations.

"Were any one," says Heeren, "who is entirely unacquainted with the history of the Greeks, to examine the map with attention, he could hardly remain in doubt that their country is favoured by nature beyond any other in Europe." It lies in a southern latitude, and enjoys a rich, genial climate, the excessive heats of which are mitigated by the mountainous character of the land, and by the vicinity of all parts of it to the sea, which surrounds it on every side, and penetrates it in every direction. In Attica especially, and in many parts of Arcadia, the air is always clear, keen, and invigorating; and to this, in a great measure, we are to attribute the unrivalled preservation of the monuments of Grecian art. Further, the combination of high land with a southern latitude, enables Greece to produce almost every variety of vegetable life which is to be found in the temperate zone. The corn of the Morea has long been held in high estimation, and in better times was exported in considerable quantities to the adjoining islands. The oil of Attica, and other provinces, is notoriously plentiful and excellent, needing only the care and cultivation which a settled government will enable and encourage the people to bestow, in order to equal, and probably surpass, that of Italy and the Ionian Isles. The honey, both of Athens and the Morea, has long been an esteemed article of export; figs, oranges, and lemons, are cultivated with the greatest success; and the wines of the islands, and also of the continent, though generally ruined for European palates by the manner of their preparation, naturally possess a rich and delicate flavour, and will ultimately, I doubt not, become a most important article of commerce. Greece produces already considerable quantities of wool, and some kinds of it are said to rival those of Spain; while the cultivation of silk, cotton, and tobacco, might be almost indefinitely increased. Add to this, that the multitude of excellent sea-ports with which Greece abounds, and their proximity to every part of the country, give her natural commercial advantages possessed by no other nation; and that the skill and enterprise of the Greeks have made them, under every disadvantage, unquestionably the best sailors in the Levant: and we see a reasonable prospect, that, as their resources are gradually developed, they will take rank among the most active and intelligent commercial people of Europe.

The beauty of Grecian scenery is beyond parallel and beyond description. In this only have poets not exaggerated. Many of the most beautiful scenes are

mentioned in the course of the work, and it would be superfluous to describe them here. But there is one which must not be passed over. It is remarked by Bartholdy, in his *Travels in Greece*, as a curious circumstance in the history of national character, that the Athenians, gay, elegant, and often effeminate, whose luxurious tastes and tendencies rivalled those of the Sybarites, inhabited a bleak province and a barren soil; while the stern and forbidding virtues of the Spartans were born and matured amidst scenery of unequalled luxuriance and softened beauty. It is scarcely possible to conceive a landscape of richer loveliness than the plain of Sparta presents. It is well cultivated, and covered with thick groves of olives, mulberry, and lemon-trees. When I visited it in the spring, these were in full blossom, and diffused a luscious sweetness, which invited to far different sentiments from those of Spartan self-denial. The ruins of the ancient city occupy one side of the plain, and on the other, the town and fort of Mistra rise along a steep acclivity, while Mount Taygetus towers abruptly and immediately behind. The scene cannot be rendered by any description; but it is well worthy of a visit to the Morea for its sake alone. Individual spots there may be in other countries which surpass any thing to be met with either in Greece or the Ægean Islands. But here every scene is beautiful, and its beauty is of the highest order. The traveller is constantly surrounded by the richest loveliness of unassisted nature, occasionally intermingled with the monumental traditions of an earlier day—he lives in a perpetual rapture; and when at length he is withdrawn from the witchery of this land of enchantment, and looks back upon its charms with a fancy somewhat calmed by time and distance, he almost wonders at his own enthusiasm.*

LONG VITALITY OF SEEDS.

THERE are few things more curious than the fact, that the seeds of various plants and flowers which have lain dormant, at a depth under the surface of the earth, for a succession of ages, have germinated, either by being exposed to the air, or the action of some compost or manure.

White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," remarks on this subject—"The naked part of the hanger is now covered with thistles of various kinds. The seeds of these thistles may have lain probably under the thick shade of the beeches for many years, but could not vegetate till the sun and air were admitted. When old beech trees are cleared away, the naked ground, in a year or two, becomes covered with strawberry plants, the seeds of which must have lain in the ground for an age at least. One of the *slidders*, or trenches, down the middle of the hanger, close covered over with lofty beeches nearly a century old, is still called *strawberry slider*, though no strawberries have grown there in the memory of man. This sort of fruit did once, no doubt, abound there, and will again, when the obstruction is removed."

A striking instance occurred in trenching some ground for a plantation at Bushy Park, which had been undisturbed by the spade or plough since, and perhaps long before, the reign of Charles the First. The ground was turned up in the winter, and in the following summer it was covered with a profusion of the tree mignonette, pansies, and the wild raspberry, plants which are nowhere found in a wild state in the neighbourhood; and in a plantation recently made in Richmond Park, a number of foxgloves appeared, after the soil had been deeply trenched. Mr Jesse noticed an occurrence of the same kind, in a plantation in Devonshire, the surface of which was covered with the dark blue columbine, which is a common plant in the western counties in a wild state. A field, also, which had previously little or no Dutch clover upon it, was covered with that plant, after it had been trampled upon and fed down by horses.

It is well known that if a pine forest in America were to be cut down, and the ground cultivated, and afterwards allowed to return to a state of nature, it would produce plants quite different from those by which it had been previously occupied. So completely, indeed, is the soil impregnated with seeds, that if earth is brought to the surface, from the lowest depth at which it is found, some vegetable matter will spring from it.

The plant called *Hypococum procumbens* was lost in the Upsal garden for forty years, but was accidentally resuscitated by digging the ground which it had formerly occupied. A species of *Lobelia*, which had been missing for twenty years in the Amsterdam garden, was unexpectedly recovered in the same manner. There is a very curious account in Monson's *Perthia Botanica*, of the appearance of a species of mustard, *Sisymbrium iris*, after the fire of London; and another species, *Sisymbrium pannonicum*, made its appearance suddenly among the ruins, after the fire of Moscow, and continues abundant there ever since. In Glamorganshire, Wales, a crop of barley was produced, where oats had been sown, and the farmer to whom it belonged declared that the ground had not been stirred for thirty years before; so that

* From *Sketches in Greece and Turkey*. Ridgway, London, 1833—a work which we strongly recommend to attention.

the seeds must have been all that time lying in a dormant state.

Several years ago, when some labourers were borin for water, near Kingston-on-Thames, earth was brought from a depth of three hundred and sixty feet. This earth was carefully covered over with a hand-glass, to prevent the possibility of any other seeds being deposited upon it, yet, in a short time, plants began to germinate from it. If quick lime be put upon land, which from time immemorial has produced nothing but heather, the heather will be killed, and white clover spring up in its stead.

There is an old castle, near Moffat, which belonged to the Regent Murray. Some of the lands which surround it are covered with peat, of about six or eight inches in thickness, under which there is a stratum of soil, supposed to have been cultivated as a garden in the time of Murray. Some years ago, the turf was removed and the soil turned up, from which sprang a variety of flowers and plants; several of them are but little known in Scotland even at the present time.

In the year 1817, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., made some curious and very interesting experiments on the germination of seeds. "A friend of mine," says he, "possesses an estate in this county, a great part of which, lying along the Moray Frith, was, at some period not very well ascertained, but certainly not less than sixty years ago, covered with sand, which had been blown from the westward, and overwhelmed the cultivated fields, so that the agriculturist was forced to abandon them altogether. My friend, soon after his purchase of the estate, began the arduous but judicious operation of trenching down the sand, and bringing to the surface the original black mould. These operations of improvement were so productive as to induce the intelligent and enterprising proprietors to undertake, lately, a still more laborious task, viz. to trench down the superincumbent sand, on a part of the property where it was no less than eight feet deep.

"Conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of trying some experiments relative to the length of time which seeds preserve their power of vegetation, even when immersed in the soil, I procured from my friend a quantity of the mould, taken fresh from under the sand, and carefully avoiding any mixture of the latter. This was instantly put into a jar, which was stopped up close, by means of a piece of bladder tied tightly over its mouth. Having prepared a couple of flower-pot flats, by drilling small holes in the bottom of them, so as to admit of the ascent of water, I filled the flats with some of the mould, and, placing them in a very wide and shallow tub, made on purpose, I covered each of them with a large glass receiver. Each receiver, however, was provided with a brass rim, having little brass knobs on it, so as to raise its edge from the bottom of the tub, and leave a small opening for the admission of air. The whole apparatus was placed in my library, of which the door and windows were kept constantly shut. This was done on the 17th of February last. It is now the 6th of May (1817); and on examining the flats, I find about forty-six plants in them, apparently of four different kinds; but as they are yet very young, I cannot determine their species with any degree of accuracy."

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, who is ever ready to communicate information to his fellow men, has kindly informed us that the following were the plants which germinated. They were all of a highly oleaginous nature, and consisted of the mouse-ear, the scorpion-grass, the red archangel, and the corn spurrey. The lands from which this earth was obtained were those of Inverurie.

It is a curious fact, in proof of what has been advanced, that more recent deposits of earth, such as peat, leaf-mould, &c. produce little or no vegetable substances, while, as has been shown, soil, from whatever depth it is brought, is impregnated with seeds, which grow freely on being exposed to the influence of light and air.

Besides the wonderful duration of the germinative power of the seeds of plants, when buried at a depth in the soil, they are found to have the power of reproduction when kept out of soil for a long series of years. Mrs Selby of Twizell, in the county of Northumberland, a lady distinguished for her zeal as a florist, and for her many domestic virtues, has experimented on the growth of flower seeds to a considerable extent. She informed us, in 1822, that she had never failed in germinating flower seeds, however old they may have been. On one occasion, she begged of a friend a few duplicates of exotic seeds, which had for many years been kept in a bottle on a mantelpiece, along with some shells, and, in this situation, subjected to the drying heat of the fire, and great variety of change in temperature, yet, nevertheless, she succeeded in producing plants from all of them.

The Society for the Encouragement of Horticulture in Prussia, proposes, from time to time, certain questions, to which it directs the attention of horticulturists. The following was proposed in 1829—"Is it true that seeds of the melon and cucumber, being preserved for some years, yield a greater abundance of fruit?" Most observers have remarked, on this head, that plants obtained from the seeds of the preceding year produce many leaves, but few fruitful flowers, and, what is curious, almost entirely male ones; but that these same seeds, dried by the heat of the sun or of a stove, yield more fruitful plants, and

that it is particularly at the end of some years they acquire this property. These experiments vary from three to twenty years. The heat of the human body may be useful, but it must be used with discretion, or the germinating power of the seeds will be destroyed.

M. Schmidt employed seeds of from five to twelve years old, which germinated, but he found that those twenty years old did not grow. Professor Sprengel, of Halle, says he obtained no fruit from seed a year old. On the other hand, M. d'Arenstorf, of Drebleau, obtained fruit most remarkable for flower and size from seed of twenty years old. The same results were obtained by Professor Treveranus, of Berlin.

M. Voss, head gardener at Sans Souci, sowed, on the 7th February 1827, twenty-four seeds of a Spanish melon of the year 1790, being, consequently, thirty-seven years old, and he obtained eight plants which produced good fruit. This experiment was the most remarkable of all. He obtained plants from eleven kinds of seeds of different species of a less age. Cucumber seeds of seventeen years old afforded the same results.

FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.

To continue the narrative of Franklin's expedition: On the return of Dr Richardson and Hepburn to the party in October, the melancholy tale of what had befallen them was thus described by the Doctor:—It appears that, on the first two days, they had nothing whatever to eat, that on the evening of the third day, Michel, the only surviving man of the four whom Captain Franklin had sent back, arrived with a hare and a partridge, which enabled them to break their long fast. Another day passed without eating; Mr Hood very weak and unwell. On the 11th, Michel brought them part of what he called a wolf, which he said had been killed by the stroke of a deer's horn. "We implicitly believed this story then," says Dr Richardson, "but afterwards became convinced, from circumstances, the detail of which may be spared, that it must have been a portion of the body of Belanger, or Perrault," two of the unfortunate men whom Captain Franklin had sent back, and one or both of whom it was strongly suspected had fallen by the hands of the Iroquois. This man's bad conduct since his return grew daily worse; he absented himself from the party; refused either to hunt, or to fetch wood, and frequently threatened to leave them. Poor Hood was now sinking fast; he was unable to eat the tripe de roche (and they had nothing else), on account of the constant griping it produced.

"At this period we avoided as much as possible conversing upon the hopelessness of our situation, and generally endeavoured to lead the conversation towards our future prospects in life. The fact is, that, with the decay of our strength, our minds decayed, and we were no longer able to bear the contemplation of the horrors that surrounded us. Each of us, if I may be allowed to judge from my own case, excused himself from so doing by a desire of not shocking the feelings of the others, for we were sensible of one another's weakness of intellect, though blind to our own. Yet we were calm and resigned to our fate, not a murmur escaped us, and we were punctual and fervent in our addresses to the Supreme Being."

Five days more passed on without any food except a little tripe de roche collected by Hepburn, the Iroquois continuing sulky, and, though strongest of the party, refusing to contribute to its relief; but it was strongly suspected he had a hidden supply of meat for his own use. Seeing the determined obstinacy and refractory spirit of this man, Dr Richardson had told him, that if no relief came from Fort Enterprise before the 20th, Hepburn and himself should be dispatched thither with a compass, by the direction of which they might be enabled to find the house. On that very day, however, as Hepburn was cutting wood near the tent, and Dr Richardson was collecting tripe de roche, the miscreant assassinated Mr Hood while sitting over the fire in the last stage of disease and debility. The ball entered the back part of his head, and set fire to his nightcap. Hepburn had heard them conversing together in an angry tone, and immediately after, the report of a gun; and on looking towards the spot, observed Michel rise from behind the spot where Mr Hood had been sitting, and dart into the tent. It was at once clear, from the great length of the gun which had been discharged, that such a wound could only have been inflicted by a second person; and if any doubt could have existed as to the murderer, Michel's own conduct would at once have removed it. From this time he would never suffer the two remaining of the party to be together for a moment; he was constantly asking if they suspected him of the murder; sometimes he made use of threatening language; at other times muttering to himself, and throwing out obscure hints of freeing himself from all restraint. In short, as they proceeded on their dismal journey to join their companions at Fort Enterprise, his conduct became so violent and outrageous as to convince both the Doctor and Hepburn that he would attempt to destroy them the first opportunity that offered. His strength was superior to theirs united, and he had, besides his gun, two pistols, an Indian bayonet, and a knife. On coming to a rock, he for the first time left them together, saying he would stop to gather some tripe de roche, and desired them to go on. Hepburn now mentioned certain circumstances, which satisfied Dr Richardson that there was no safety for them

but in his death, and he offered to be the instrument of it. "I determined, however," says Dr Richardson, "as I was thoroughly convinced of the necessity of such a dreadful act, to take the whole responsibility upon myself; and immediately upon Michel's coming up, I put an end to his life by shooting him through the head with a pistol. Had my own life alone," he continues, "been threatened, I would not have purchased it by such a measure; but I considered myself as entrusted also with the protection of Hepburn's, a man who, by his humane attentions and devotedness, had so endeared himself to me, that I felt more anxiety for his safety than for my own." Michel had gathered no tripe de roche; and it was quite evident that he had halted for no other purpose than that of putting his gun in order, to destroy them that same evening while engaged in setting up the tent.

Dr Richardson seems to have no doubt that a very short time must have put an end to the sufferings of Mr Hood. On his zeal, ability, and goodness of heart, both he and Captain Franklin bestow unqualified praise. "The loss," says the former, "of a young officer of such distinguished and varied talents and application, may be felt and duly appreciated by the eminent characters under whose command he had served; but the calmness with which he contemplated the probable termination of a life of uncommon promise, and the patience and fortitude with which he sustained, I may say, unparalleled bodily sufferings, can only be known to the companions of his distresses."

After dragging along their famished bodies for six days, existing on lichens and pieces of the skin-cloak of poor Mr Hood, on the 29th they came in sight of the fort at dusk; "and," says Dr Richardson, "it is impossible to describe our sensations, when, on attaining the eminence that overlooks it, we beheld the smoke issuing from one of the chimneys. From not having met with any footsteps in the snow, as we drew nigh our once cheerful residence, we had been agitated by many melancholy forebodings. Upon entering the now desolate building, we had the satisfaction of embracing Captain Franklin, but no words can convey an idea of the filth and wretchedness that met our eyes on looking around. Our own misery had stolen upon us by degrees, and we were accustomed to the contemplation of each other's emaciated figures; but the ghastly countenances, dilated eye-balls, and sepulchral voices of Mr Franklin and those with him, were more than we could at first bear.

An idea may be formed of the dreadful state to which the captain's party were reduced, by the death of two of them, two days after the arrival of Dr Richardson and Hepburn. The only remaining man and Captain Franklin were so utterly unable to assist themselves, that eight-and-forty hours, and probably half that time, would have put an end to their misery. The whole labour, therefore, of procuring fire-wood, and scraping together the old pieces of skins, and fragments of bone, devolved on Dr Richardson and Hepburn, whose strength was now rapidly declining, and very nearly exhausted, when, providentially, on the 7th of November, the long-expected relief arrived, by the hands of three Indians sent by Mr Back. The condition to which the four survivors were reduced is thus described by Captain Franklin:—

"I may here remark, that, owing to our loss of flesh, the hardness of the floor, from which we were only protected by a blanket, produced soreness over the body, and especially those parts on which the weight rested in lying, yet, to turn ourselves for relief was a matter of toil and difficulty. However, during this period, and indeed all along after the acute pains of hunger, which lasted but three or four days, had subsided, we generally enjoyed the comfort of a few hours' sleep. The dreams which for the most part, but not always, accompanied it, were usually (though not invariably) of a pleasant character, being very often about the enjoyments of feasting. In the day time we fell into the practice of conversing on common and light subjects, although we sometimes discussed with seriousness and earnestness topics connected with religion. We generally avoided speaking directly of our present sufferings, or even of the prospect of relief. I observed that, in proportion as our strength decayed, our minds exhibited symptoms of weakness, evinced by a kind of unreasonable pettishness with each other. Each of us thought the other weaker in intellect than himself, and more in need of advice and assistance. So trifling a circumstance as a change of place, recommended by one as being warmer and more comfortable, and refused by the other from a dread of motion, frequently called forth fretful expressions which were no sooner uttered than atoned for, to be repeated perhaps in the course of a few minutes. The same thing often occurred when we endeavoured to assist each other in carrying wood to the fire; none of us were willing to receive assistance, although the task was disproportioned to our strength. On one of these occasions Hepburn was so convinced of this waywardness, that he exclaimed, 'Dear me, if we are spared to return to England, I wonder if we shall recover our understandings.'"

Nothing could be kinder and more humane than the conduct of the Indians. They cleaned out the room, cooked their victuals, had them washed and made comfortable, and, after leaving the fort, attended them to the spot where their tribe were engaged in hunting; giving up their own snow-shoes, keeping by their sides, lifting them up when they fell, and finally conducting them in safety to the nearest of the

Company's posts, where they met with their companion, Back, whose sufferings had scarcely been less than their own, and to whose exertions the survivors of the party unquestionably owed their safety. One of the two Canadians who had accompanied Mr Back fell a sacrifice to cold, hunger, and fatigue.

RURAL AFFAIRS.

In the year 1806, I was one afternoon leaning over the grave of Burns, and reading the plain inscription on his tombstone erected in the churchyard of Dumfries. This town was the concluding scene of the Scottish bard, and here terminated the breathings of his muse and of his life. I was indulging in one of those moods, in which pain and pleasure are so equally blended, that the mind is thrown into a sort of delightful melancholy; for while I traced many gay and lively recollections, I was forced by present objects to check the rising emotions, and embitter them with grief. His enchanting and splendid verses were contrasted, in the eye of fancy, with the shades of his character; the bright and promising morning of his life with the ominous and black cloud which settled on the evening of his days. While indulging in these feelings, a slow and faltering step struck my ear, and, turning round, I discovered an emaciated but venerable figure approaching, in the last decrepitude of old age.

"Stranger," said he, "you are paying the tribute of respect to the memory of our poet, and I must beg pardon for this abrupt intrusion." There was such an air of good nature in the old man, heightened by the sense of his helplessness, that I addressed him frankly in reply, and showed no reluctance to engage in conversation.

"Come," said he, "along with me to the hillock which Burns used to visit." I accompanied him, and we ascended together the mound of earth, on the top of which is the seat, once the favourite haunt of this immortal and extraordinary genius. It is still shown to the curious, lies within the precincts of the town, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. We seated ourselves on the grassy turf; and, grown familiar by an interchange of sentiment, we conversed on the most intimate footing. From Burns we soon passed to other topics possessing novelty or interest.

"The country," said I, "in every direction around, and wherever I have travelled, is mostly arable, and highly cultivated. The red and white wheats prevail universally, and are sown seemingly by the farmers in equal quantities."

"Yes," replied the old man; "there is a wonderful change in this district since I was of your age; for I can recollect the time when there were neither enclosures nor wheat in all this country."

"Is it possible," I answered, "that all these improvements are of so recent a date as to be within the reach of your remembrance? I should like if you would relate to me the ancient state of the country, the condition of the tenants, and the progress of agriculture."

"That I shall do with all my heart," rejoined my acquaintance, his eyes brightening as he spoke, for, like myself, he seemed fond of the subject.

"I was born," continued he, "in 1719, in Lochmaben, and am now eighty-seven years of age. The oldest thing I recollect is the great riot which took place throughout the whole of this shire in 1724, in consequence of the landed proprietors beginning to enclose their estates, on purpose to stock them with black cattle. The small tenants were turned out to make way for this improvement, and the ground was fenced by a sunk ditch and wall, called then park-dykes. Great distress was felt in the country on account of this alteration; and the tenantry rose in a mob, and, with pitchforks, spades, and mattocks, proceeded to level all these enclosures, from the one end of the country to the other. My father was, unfortunately, concerned in that disturbance; and after it was quelled by the help of two troops of dragoons brought from Edinburgh, he was banished to the American plantations for his crime. I lived afterwards, and was brought up, with my uncle in Nithsdale, about twenty miles hence, who rented there a small farm of a hundred acres, and I assisted him in working it. The general produce of all this country was grey oats, although the gentlemen in their croft or best lands raised also a little beer or bigg, and some white oats; yet the soil was by all men believed incapable of producing wheat, and accordingly it was never tried. Our common food consisted of these grey oats parched, or burned out of the ear, and ground in a hollow stone by the hand; of milk; of kail; of groats; with never more than one ewe, killed at Martinmas for the family. The houses were generally built of mud, and covered with thatch; and the clothing was of plaiding—a coarse tweeled stuff, manufactured at home from the black and white wool mixed together. Hats and shoes were only worn by the gentry; and even they often appeared at church with a coat of their wives' making. Potatoes were not introduced till 1725, and at first were cultivated with much care, and in small patches. They were carried to the great towns on horses' backs, and retailed at a high price by pounds and ounces. It was about the year 1735, when they came into com-

mon use; and before that period there was often great scarcity of food, sometimes bordering on famine, in this fine country, which was then accounted incapable of raising bread for its scanty population. Dumfries at present contains more inhabitants than were then in the whole county: and twenty acres are now more productive than two hundred in those days. Such was the low state of husbandry, that the principal supply came from Cumberland, on the other side of the Esk; and I myself have witnessed on the Wednesdays, which from time immemorial have been our market days, sad scenes of real distress occasioned by the swelling of the river, which prevented the carriers from bringing forward the meal; as the want of bridges often interrupted all communication.

"I have seen," proceeded the old man with greater animation, and pointing with the staff in his hand, "all that country before us covered and overgrown with whins and broom, and not a single vestige of these hedges and stone walls which cross and intersect the whole landscape. A few sheep and black cattle picked the scanty herbage, and they were prevented from eating the growing corn, either by a herd-boy who tended them, or by a temporary fence erected every year. The common people very often collected nettles in the field, of which they made a kind of coarse soup thickened with oatmeal, and enriched, on great days, by a piece of butter as a luxury. The state of Scotland from my birth up to 1745 was miserable in the extreme: the lower classes were ill fed, ill clothed, and ill lodged, and there was no revival in their circumstances till the introduction of potatoes and lime."

"Of potatoes and of lime!" repeated I; "I can perceive some reason why the first should improve their condition, but what connection had the last with it?"

"Lime," continued my instructor, "operated with more success on the prosperity of the country than potatoes, and I look upon it as the best friend we ever saw."

"Explain yourself," said I; "for all this seems mysterious, and I cannot conceive how lime could have wrought such enchantment."

"To your satisfaction, then, I shall account for it; and my present views have not been altered for the last twenty years of my life. Seventy years ago, in 1738, there was no lime used for building in Dumfries, except a little made of cockle shells, burnt at Colvend, and brought on horses' backs a distance of twenty-two miles. All the houses were either composed of mud walls, strengthened by upright posts, and these bound and connected together by wattled twigs, or they were built of stone, laid, not in mortar, but in clay or moist loam. The whole town was a collection of dirty, mean, and frail hovels, never exceeding one story, because the materials had not strength or firmness to bear more. These buildings were so perishable, and stood in need of such constant propping, that people never thought of expending time, labour, and money on the comforts of a habitation which was to fall into ruins during the course of their lifetime. Old Provost Bell's house, which was founded in 1740, is the only one now remaining of the ancient town; and although the under story was built with clay, the two upper were laid in lime, which is the cause of its long standing."

"Between the years 1750 and 1760, the old mud walls gave place to those of stone laid in mortar, and from that period there has been a visible and rapid improvement. Houses acquired permanence, descended from father to son, and the labours of one generation were enjoyed by the next. To lime, then, we owe these stately edifices, with all the comforts and conveniences they confer; and it hence contributed, in a remarkable degree, to the refinement and polish of private life."

"If to this fossil," continued the old man, "we are indebted for the stability of our towns, we are under greater obligations for its unprecedented effects on the powers of the earth. Wheat and clover would not thrive in the county of Dumfries, or in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, till lime was plentifully incorporated with the soil; and after its introduction, the farmers became rich, land advanced in value, the produce was multiplied tenfold, population increased, and these counties quickly rose to their present unexampled prosperity. In my younger days, it cost much toil to raise on my uncle's farm two bolls or two bolls and a half of grey oats per acre, and after taking one or two crops, the ground lay for four or five years in natural grass, which was coarse, and unpalatable to the cattle. The rent—only 2s. 6d. per acre—we found great difficulty in scraping together, and we fell on a thousand shifts to accomplish it. Now, the same farm is rented at £3. 10s. per acre, is kept under constant cropping, rears excellent wheat, is wholly drained and enclosed, supports a genteel family in all the comforts of life, and one year's rent of it is double the sum which could have purchased it altogether sixty-five years ago. It is lime that has warmed and meliorated the soil, that has endowed it with productive powers, and that supports all the plenty and prosperity you have been admiring, as you travelled through the district." He paused; I rose and bowed; we came down together, and I retired to my apartment in the inn, to note down the particulars of this interesting conversation.*

* This simple and instructive sketch of the changes effected in the rural management of Scotland within the last eighty years, is extracted from a valuable work on agricultural subjects, printed at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, entitled "The Letters of Agricola," &c., by John Young, who, we believe, is a native of this country.

SLAVES IN ANCIENT STATES.

It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and most opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty-six myriads, or 460,000. When Demetrius Phalereus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found 21,000 citizens, 10,000 domiciled foreigners, and no less than 400,000 slaves. Nicias had 1000 slaves, which he hired out to work in the silver mines of Thrace, at an abolus, or 1½d. a-day. The Eginatae, a trading people, possessing many ships, but a very small territorial limit, possessed, according to Aristotle, 470,000. Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than 1000 slaves. Many Roman families had 10,000 or 20,000, or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smin-dyridas, a native of Sybaris, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, 1000 slaves, as ministrants to him, some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves was maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion; upwards of 100 myriads are calculated to have there perished in these dreadful conflicts for emancipation. The servile war in Italy was nearly equally destructive. At one time, 120,000 slaves were marching upon Rome, who were headed and directed by one Spartacus, a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than 6000 slaves were hanged up all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The ancient Greeks were not served in their houses by bought slaves; the younger served the elder. The city of Ephesus was founded by 1000 slaves, who ran away from Samos. It is said that Julius Caesar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the senate-house, where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding gently with his *realis* under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Antiburgher minister.

TO A WILD FLOWER.*

In that delightful land,
Sweet scented flower, didst thou attain thy birth:
Thou art no offspring of the common earth,
By common breezes fanned.

Full oft my gladden'd eye,
In pleasant glade or river's margin has traced,
(As if there planted by the hand of taste),
Sweet flowers of every dye.

But never did I see,
In mead, or mountain, or domestic flower,
'Mong many a lovely and delicious blossom,
One half so fair as thee!

Thy beauty makes rejoice
My inmost heart. I know not how 'tis so—
Quick coming fancies thou dost make me know,
For fragrance is thy voice.

And still it comes to me,
In quiet night, and turmoil of the day,
Like memory of friends gone far away,
Or, haply, ceased to be.

Together we'll commune,
As lovers do, when, standing all apart,
No one overhears the whispers of their heart,
Save the all-silent moon.

Thy thoughts I can divine,
Although not uttered in vernacular words;
Thou me remind'st of songs of forest birds;
Of venerable wine;

Of Earth's fresh shrubs and roots;
Of summer days, when men their thirsting slake
In the cool fountain, or the cooler lake,
While eating wood-grown fruits.

Thy leaves my memory tell
Of nights, and scents, and sounds, that come again,
Like ocean's murmurs, when the balmy strain
Is echoed in its shell.

The meadows in their green
Smooth-running waters in the far off ways,
The deep-voiced forest, where the hermit prays,
In thy fair face are seen.

Thy home is in the wild
'Mong sylvan shades, near music-haunted springs,
Where peace dwells all apart from earthly things,
Like some secluded child.

The beauty of the sky,
The music of the woods, the love that stirs
Wherever Nature charms her worshippers,
Are all by thee brought nigh.

I shall not soon forget
What thou hast taught me in my solitude,
My feelings have acquired a taste of good,
Sweet flower! since first we met.

Thou bring'st unto the soul
A blessing and a peace, inspiring thought;
And dost the goodness and the power denote
Of Him who formed the whole.

* We have taken the liberty of extracting this beautiful little poem from the second edition (lately published) of a volume entitled "Poetical Aspirations, by William Anderson." That a poet who can write such things should be so little known, is a strong signification of the difficulty which characterises the present age, with all its advantages, of attaining almost any degree of literary celebrity.

THE "CHEAP" PUBLICATIONS.

We have had much pleasure in observing a very respectable notice of the present work, along with the Penny and Saturday Magazines, in a late number of the Edinburgh Review. Not that there is any chance of our circulation being much extended by the recommendation of this distinguished periodical, but that the article in the Review may tend to open the eyes of many persons, chiefly those connected with literature, to better views of the nature and end of the cheap sheets than what have hitherto prevailed. It has all along been to us a matter of painful reflection, that, while the reading public was fully awake to the benefits to be derived from such a vast system of popular instruction, and while our own work in particular has been honoured with an appreciation that proclaims itself as almost without parallel in periodical literature, the *writing public* has either preserved an invidious silence regarding our labours and those of our followers, or employed themselves less honourably in conveying the faintest impressions respecting our legal and literary status, inasmuch that the *soi-disant* leaders of the public taste appear to be the only class in the country who remain ignorant or prejudiced upon the subject. While a moral phenomenon of the most uncommon kind was in the process of being developed—no less than the establishment of an universal national organ of literary instruction and refinement, and that by means the most simple and unpretending—men of letters seemed to have no better amusement than to sneer at so external a matter as the price of these works, to denounce them as infringing upon the newspaper laws, and to hold them up in every possible way to ridicule. One great magazine-writer—who, however, is certainly under great temptations to write nonsense, since the public seems to like nothing else of his composition—wished, in the spirit of the Caliph Omar, that the common people would content themselves, like their fathers, with the Bible. Other persons connected with the daily and weekly press endeavoured at once to prove that they were newspapers, and yet that their contents were worthless; an argument in which they certainly reflected no small credit upon their own labours. In short, the cheap publications, as they are comparatively but incorrectly termed, have been the subject of as much misrepresentation as if, instead of being obvious to every eye, they had held a more obscure course than the generality of other works. Regretting as we do that the accustomed dispensers of fame should in this case have been so obstinate and so blind, we cannot but rejoice that the Edinburgh Review has attempted to assign these publications their proper rank, seeing that the effort may be an example to others, or at least that it may avail with many who are inaccessible to all claims which do not bring with them a prestige of one kind or another.

There is one part of the article which we cannot allow to pass without special notice—the caution which the Reviewer thinks it necessary to give at the close, respecting the use which we and others may be tempted to make of larger works. To what extent the Penny and Saturday Magazines may facilitate their labours in this manner, we have never inquired; but we have to state, in our own behalf, that there is seldom any considerable portion of our columns which is copied directly from any book, and in general these extracts are of such a trivial and fragmentary nature, as to infringe upon no copyright whatsoever. The articles which appear in our "Information for the People" are copied either from law or from Encyclopædias ever; are so the majority of those which occupy the "Journal." Our system of literary labour is, indeed, as complicated, and relatively as expensive, as that of any periodical work in the country; and even where our matter is not new, it is generally derived from American works, or from British publications which have been sent to us by the authors or publishers, in order that we might aid in bringing them into notice, or from books of a past day, in which there is no publishing interest to be injured. The limits to which the system of extracting may be carried have never yet been properly fixed either by law or custom; but since we are held by implication to be liable to some blame on this account, we may mention, that we do not copy nearly so much as many works which have never yet been challenged. The Literary Gazette, for instance, and other popular works of which it has been the respectable model, live, it may be said, by nothing else than their custom of giving extracts from all the new books of the passing week. Even the monthly and quarterly periodicals copy more in proportion than we do. Nor is the system confined to publications of this class. The extent to which historical and miscellaneous writers avail themselves of the labours of their predecessors, is beyond all calculation. A work, for instance, has lately appeared under the designation of "Waverley Anecdotes," which has been praised in most of the newspapers and literary journals; its sole merit, in reality, lies in its being an artful compound of matters from other books, among which a volume by Mr R. Chambers, published in 1829, under the title of "Illustrations of the Author of Waverley," has suffered to the amount of somewhere about a third of its whole contents—and this without the acknowledgment which we invariably make, as to the source of our quotations. Another work, now in the course of publication, respecting the Highlands, and which professes to be an improvement upon all past history, has been shown to be, in one of its sections, borrowed word for word from Chalmers's Caledonia—also without acknowledgment. Because these works do not offend by their cheapness, and are occasionally advertised in the newspapers, they are praised in many of those sheets, while we, who are most absurdly supposed to interfere with the interests of the political press, and with other literary concerns, are either directly or indirectly said to exist by a system of plunder! In truth, we would be very glad to give up the practice of quoting from even the few sources which we employ, if it were not that our readers appear solicitous to have a few extracts along with our original matter, and that we are often entreated, by way of favour, to use our freedom with certain works put into our hands by the persons most interested in them. In a brief space of time, we hope to convince the public that extracts from books, if not in every case unique and complete in themselves (which they very rarely are), are less proper to our purpose than the systematized knowledge which we condense into our more elaborate articles; and when that end is gained, it is probable that we will altogether cease to insert any thing that has ever before been printed. In the mean time we may mention, as the best proof of our having never offended against copyright, that we have not yet received a single remonstrance upon the subject from any publisher—although it is said that some of the most considerable of these individuals have resolved to prosecute the cheap works in every case where it is at all likely that they may be successful. On the contrary, we have ourselves suffered more, perhaps, at the hands of these gentlemen, than they have done from us; and if any complaint were proper, it ought rather to arise from ourselves. We allude particularly to our biographical article on Sir Walter Scott, which has been pillaged by dear publications of every class and calibre—very much to our satisfaction.

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